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LEGISLATIVE INDOLENCE.—HOW TO DISPOSE OF THE IRISH COLLEGES.

It is melancholy to see the indolence and nonchalance with which the most influential statesmen resign themselves to inactivity when no party tactics rouse them to energy and action. When opposing political sects are pitted violently against one another by the prevalent feeling out of doors, or by the introduction of sweeping measures within, not a day or an hour is suffered to pass without displaying some indications of their intense patriotism, and the unwearied perseverance with which they devote themselves to the service or the salvation of their country; club assemblies, dinner parties, public meetings, petitions, pamphlets, counter-bills, amendments, letters in the newspapers, every engine for influencing the popular voice, or for carrying or obstructing the prominent proposal of the time, is put into operation by these zealous politicians. But no sooner do parliamentary affairs lose their party-interest, than they sink in a moment into a secondary place in these good men's minds, and the energetic statesman becomes the man of pleasure, the cultivator of the arts, the destroyer of pheasants, the devoted husband, and the careful parent. The party who are in office bring forward the measures which public feeling wrings from their reluctant hands; the party out of office quietly enjoy the sweets of private life, and their numerous pensions, until some false step in their adversaries gives them a chance of replacing these pensions by the full salaries of their envied opponents.

Meanwhile golden hours glide by unheeded. The day for grand and fundamental reforms, which are almost necessary for the safety of the whole kingdom, but which it is most perilous to attempt when the political atmosphere is charged with storms, flies past, while they who hold in their hands the destinies of millions, enjoy themselves as private gentlemen. Here and there an amiable and benevolent individual dabbles in a little legislation, and makes an effort to cut off some of the excrescences of the social system, or to alleviate some of the terrible symptoms of the fever which burns at the hearts of the multitude. A few great interests are to be conciliated,—the railway interest, the planter's interest, the landlord's interest, the mercantile interest, the banking interest, the interest of

anybody and everybody who has money in his pocket, and a vote to give or to withhold,—all these call forth some little choice bits of law-making from ministerial or private law-makers. But to suppose that such happy hours would be seized upon with eagerness by the great men of the day, in order to probe deeply the wounds of the body politic and the body social, and search for the hidden causes of its mortal malady,—alas! this is indeed but profitless and vain. There is nothing to be *gained* by such legislation, except the happiness of myriads, the applause of an approving conscience, and days and nights of toil and opposition; and these are rewards which must be gilded by official salaries, or decked with the laurels of political conquest, to have power to move the unwilling legislator.

In this miserable way we shall probably see the present season of repose from party politics run by, unheeded by those who need only the will to remedy many of our most crying evils. The old party obstacles to reform on a truly large scale are prostrate in the nation. Almost all men are *willing* to be satisfied; all see that a mighty change is needed to save us; all recognise the good that exists around them; all admit the weighty difficulties that lie in the way of those who would solve the sad problems of the time, and therefore all are willing to overlook many errors and mischances in those who have the courage, energy, and self-denial to seek in good earnest to remedy the mischiefs. Yet we dare hardly hope that any eye will be found to penetrate to the sources of our misfortunes, any heart to rouse itself to their cure, any hand to execute the deed of our deliverance. Whiggism, Toryism, and Radicalism are laid low; the blandishments of the sirens are no more; but the austere and stately form of Patriotism stands unheeded amid her fallen foes, with none around her who have the soul to seek to win her approving smiles.

Such, we fear, will be our lot in that which is unquestionably the great question of the day, and which (setting aside the rights of purely religious subjects), beyond a doubt, lies at the root of almost all our troubles and miseries,—the question of universal and national education. If ever there was a favourable hour for grasping this momentous topic with a vigorous energy, and for carrying through a series of measures for the real enlightenment of the British and Irish people, it is the present parliamentary session. The crying need of a better education for all classes is indeed but partially understood. Few people know how lamentable are our deficiencies, or have opened their eyes to the utterly superficial character of the instruction given even in our best and most celebrated seminaries. Few know that a searching reform is almost as necessary in Oxford and in Cambridge as in the dame's school of the obscurest village. Yet is there surely a sufficiently warm interest felt in the matter to enable a really determined statesman, of fitting abilities and station, to lay the foundations of a most fundamental change.

No little aid, also, is to be derived from the fact, that many experiments have already been tried, and have failed. The pulse of the nation has been felt, both by educational empirics, and by men of deep thought and profound study. We know in a great measure what is practicable, by our experience of what is impossible. We know what the religious feelings of the age demand, and what they will reject. Certain steps have been already made in advance; hesitating, timid, and wavering, it is true; yet, on the whole, with a most manifestly onward movement. Little bits of systems have been put into operation, and have either excited political and religious parties into a perfect convulsion of wrath, or have worked in silence some degree of solid, tangible benefit.

Above all, the one grand difficulty of the Irish Colleges is at length in a fair way of being disposed of. A hasty glance at the affairs of the last few months would perhaps induce the idea that the late Papal Rescript has thrown the whole thing into hopeless confusion. Yet we do not hesitate to say, that the condemnation of these Irish institutions by the Pope tends with the most powerful force to a practical settlement of the whole question, and that in a manner most thoroughly satisfactory to the great body of well-disposed men of every religious sect. Pope Pius has, we truly believe, conferred a most signal political benefit, even upon those who are most strenuously opposed to the religion of which he is the Head upon earth, by his resolute rejection of the whole scheme. A few foolish newspapers have, it is true, made a mighty fuss upon the occasion; and those who are so obliging to newspaper writers as to take all their opinions ready made from the daily press, are perhaps still in a most virtuous condition of indignation against this new manifestation of Romish intolerance. Yet how stands the truth? Is it not a simple fact, that the Pope has forbidden, for the Catholics of Ireland, that very system which the Protestants of England have just repudiated for themselves? How long, let it be asked, is it since the Government found it impossible to force any plan for education down the throats of Englishmen which either was unconnected with religion (like these Irish colleges), or which attempted an amalgamation of opposing creeds, in one common scheme for teaching children together those few points in which they all might agree? How many months have elapsed since the Committee of Council finally gave in their adhesion to the plan of granting assistance to each religious body, separate from every other; allowing them to bring up their youth according to their consciences, and exacting only a guarantee that the secular portion of their instruction should not be neglected? And what more has Pope Pius done? Has he said a word in condemnation of this scheme, now at work in England? Has he breathed a syllable against national education *as it is now practised, by universal demand*, in thousands of British schools? So far from it, he has in the most emphatic way approved of it, as far as his own spiritual subjects are concerned. He has only reprobated that unholy fantasy on one side of the Irish Channel, which the popular voice has already scouted on the other. He has saved the Imperial Parliament from stultifying itself by upholding one system for Irishmen, and another for English, Scotch, and Welsh. He is driving us to be consistent, and staying us in our unthinking vagaries. He has solved the problem which puzzled the educational philanthropist, and shewn him that, if he would teach the people at all, there is only one practicable way of teaching

them without violating the rights of conscience. And we doubt not that the day will speedily arrive when all this preposterous clamour will have subsided, and the chorus of voices which has shouted in anti-Papal denunciations, will subside into a self-laudatory hymn in praise of the piety and the practical wisdom of the political party which shall be lucky enough to adopt the Pope's own method, without giving him the credit of ever having said a word in its favour.

Whether the present ministry, or any one else, will have the sense and the courage to carry into execution the one only method by which the Irish scheme can now be made profitable, we dare hardly venture an opinion. Yet how straightforward and simple is the arrangement which might be adopted! If the men in power would but consent to hand over the northernmost of the three colleges to the Presbyterians, and the other two to the Catholics, *on the very same conditions on which they are assisting thousands of schools in England*, every difficulty would vanish in a moment. In what way such an arrangement would run counter to the recognised principles of the constitution, we are at a loss to conceive. Nor would it be accompanied with any practical difficulties which could not be overcome by a very small measure of goodwill and mutual confidence in the contracting parties. If the Government would be content to be thoroughly straightforward in its regulations, and make no attempt, open or disguised, to control the recognised spiritual instruction given in such colleges, there need not be a moment's hesitation in proposing such a disposition of the buildings and their funds, through fear that the Catholics or the Presbyterians would not give every reasonable pledge that they would employ the gift as the nation has a right to demand. All but a few rampant souls, whose political notions are as confused as their religious sympathies are narrow, would rejoice heartily at so satisfactory a termination of their doubts, and would thank, if they dare, the great Pontiff, who by his firmness had helped them on to so happy a consummation.

Contemporary Biography.

LACORDAIRE.

[Continued from p. 5.]

III. THE SEMINARY.

IN the seminary Lacordaire became again the little child; he recovered his careless gaiety, and his quondam merry laugh. But though he was a boy again in character, he remained the man in thought. It was scarcely possible for a licentiate in law, a resident barrister, so much known and esteemed, to enter into a seminary without being a little noticed, and obtaining a marked success in his theological studies. The Bishop of Dijon, M. de Boisville, who was a superior man, felt some regret at having consented to his quitting his diocese; and one day when he was reproached by some one for it, he answered, "What would you have had me do? He wrote me such a simple letter, that there wanted but bad spelling to make me take him for the silliest fellow in my diocese."

Study and meditation had only the effect of confirming the pious resolution and faith of the young student. The more he thought upon God, the more he persisted in a vocation which his friends, who regretted his loss, had chosen for some time to question. "What do I do in my solitude? I devote myself to studies and meditations which I always loved. Every day I make the discovery that out of religion there is no truth, and that it alone solves the numberless difficulties which philosophy is incapable of overcoming. . . . I read Pascal. . . . My mind ripens so much the better, as it is not obliged to pour itself out, and exhaust what it accumulates by degrees. My mind is like a field which lies fall-

low, and is nourished with the dews of heaven." Sometimes he would amuse himself with describing the seminaries of St. Sulpice and of Issy, the walks, the country-views in the neighbourhood of Paris; and the picturesqueness of his charming descriptions would not have been unworthy of Cicero or the younger Pliny. He amused himself with tracing the growth of the flowers and fruits in the country, "the cherries shewing their red heads beneath their green leaves." The humblest pot-herbs of the garden gave him pleasure: "I am particularly fond of the kitchen-garden; the sight of a simple lettuce is to me a great enjoyment. I see them when they are quite little, arranged quincunx-wise in a manner very pleasing to the eye. They grow larger, and then their broad green leaves are brought close together and tied with some bits of straw; they get yellow, and some days after there is for them no longer either dew, or night, or sun. . . . My father was very fond of a garden, and it is from him I inherit this taste."

The young theologian felt himself being elevated more and more, and that in the smallest things, by admiration and love, "towards the incomprehensible Intelligence which reveals Itself to man by a creation so magnificent, and has lodged even in the smallest leaf of a tree wonders inaccessible to human reason." He read the Bible while walking. "Ah," he exclaims, "what a book, and what a religion! How extraordinary the connexion between the first word of the Old Testament and the last word of the New!" As he advanced in knowledge he became confirmed in the first view which had conducted him to Christianity: "I remember it was looked upon as singular that I should have been led on to religious ideas by means of political ideas. The further I advance, the more I perceive the correctness of this view. However, Christianity may be reached by all roads, inasmuch as it is the centre of all truths."

So far from finding the yoke of God heavy, he was astonished at indifferentists who treated him as a fool, and at friends who mourned for him as one just dead. "One evening I was at my window," he says, "and was gazing at the moon, whose beams fell softly on the house: a single star began to twinkle in the sky at a height which appeared to me incredible. I know not why, but I fell to comparing the smallness and poverty of our dwelling with the immensity of that vault; and, as I called to mind that on that very spot, within a few narrow cells, were a little band of the servants of the God who made these wonders, treated as fools by the rest of men, I was seized with a desire to weep over this poor world, which knows not even how to look above its head."

The noises of the world scarcely penetrated his beloved solitude. The only event he allowed himself to be affected by was the death of Louis XVIII.: he descanted on it to his friends with the imagination of a poet, and the presentiments of a publicist. The seminary became every day more agreeable to him. "You know not," he writes, "one of my enchantments: it is to renew my youth—I mean the period between childhood and youth, with the moral forces which belong to a more advanced age. . . . At school one is too much the child; one does not know well enough the value of men and things; one wants too many ideas to know how to select and attach to oneself friends by strong ties. The more exalted relations of friendship are not perceived by minds as yet so unformed and inexperienced. In the world, again, there is no longer the facility for forming really solid intimacies, either because people there no longer live in the same close connexion with each other, or because self-interest and self-love insinuate themselves even into unions which appear the purest, or because the heart is less at its ease amid the noise and activity of social life. Friendship has more hold in the society of a hundred and forty young people, who see each other continually, who touch at all points, and are nearly all like so many choice flowers transplanted into a solitude. I take a pleasure in making myself liked, in maintaining within the walls of a seminary something of the amenity of the world, a few charms borrowed from modern society. More simple, more communicative, more affable than I ever was—free from that ambition of shining which perhaps once possessed me—little encumbered with

anxiety about the future, with which I am quite content, be it what it may—and busying myself with dreams of poverty, as once I did with dreams of worldly success—I live sweetly with my associates and with myself. . . . For the last nine months I have cultivated an intimacy with a young man full of talent and good qualities: he was born near St. Petersburg, on the banks of the Neva, of a French emigrant family. I have likewise recovered a friend of my childhood, the son also of a French emigrant, a native of Cordova, on the Guadalquivir."

These interesting occupations did not divert the mind of Henry Lacordaire from the grand ideas which had first made him a Christian. He writes: "I have no fear of losing with Christianity those ideas of order, justice, solid and rightful liberty, which were my first conquests. Ah! Christianity is not a law of slavery; if it respects the hand of God, who sometimes sets up tyrants, it knows the limits which obedience may not overpass without becoming base and culpable. It does not forget that its children were free at the time when the world was groaning in the chains of so many horrible Cæsars; and that they formed under ground a society of men, who spoke of humanity under the very palace of Nero. Was it not the Church which infused into all our institutions a spirit of mildness and harmony unknown to antiquity? It was religion which made modern Europe, by remaining unmoved amid the overturning of nations, and adapting itself to circumstances, times, and places, without losing any thing of the fixedness of its principles. The Church spoke of reason and liberty at the time these imprescriptible rights of human kind were threatened with one common shipwreck. She enjoined loyalty and obedience when she beheld a licentiousness of intellect and of morals laying the first foundations of a revolution, which was to slay liberty by anarchy, and reason at the very altars which were to be erected to it. Admirable wisdom, which knew how to accommodate itself to all the wants of civilisation; which one while urged on, and one while checked the march of ages, in order to lead them forward, or to bring them back to that wise mean, where peace and truth reside, and from which all human things are unceasingly receding as by an inevitable ebb and flow! O influence most marvellous in the variety of its action, immovable in strength, infallible in conscience—which wrests a people from the grasp of tyranny by liberty, and from that of anarchy by power, and from two opposite extremes conducts them to the self-same point!"

At St. Sulpice, as at Issy, the young student sometimes saw the Bishop of Hermopolis, the same who, before Father Lacordaire, preached the *conferences* which are so celebrated. "M. Frayssinons," he writes, "was a Sulpician, and he is partial to the house. I have seen him often walking amongst us. He is a simple-minded man, with little animation in his conversation, which does not do full justice to the powers of his mind. His countenance is fine, taken as a whole; but presents nothing striking in its details; and it would be impossible to say whence is derived the imposing air, which is not to be found either in the brow, or in the eyes, or in the mouth."

The Abbé Gerbet, whose *honied* voice was perhaps one of the means employed by Providence to mollify the ear of the deistical advocate for the reception of the word of God, had formed a closer tie of friendship with the young convert. "I am very fond of the Abbé Gerbet," he wrote in 1825; "he is a true Christian, and has brought from Franche-Comté a heart upright and tender."

The Abbé Gerbet was at that time on terms of strictest intimacy with M. de Lamennais, and one of his most ardent disciples. This extraordinary man was now at the height of his triple fame, literary, religious, and philosophical; and was sounding the prelude to his memorable, but melancholy, struggles with the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. Men's minds were divided on the subject of his writings; and grave and decisive measures of resistance were in preparation on the part of the episcopate, as well as the government of France. Lacordaire had not seen M. de Lamennais more than twice, and then only on the occasion of a

brief ordinary visit, which he had been induced to pay him by a desire, very natural in a young and distinguished man, to behold so illustrious a character. The first of these visits was in 1823, when Henry Lacordaire was yet a layman and a free-thinker. The Abbé Gerbet introduced him.

The young men of France, and particularly the young clergy, had been attracted at first, and carried away by the philosophical system of the *Essay on Indifference*. The bishops stiffened themselves in proportion to the success of the new work. Lacordaire kept himself on his guard against doctrines by which the whole Church was agitated. He thought he saw an intention on the part of the Abbé Gerbet to bring him into closer relations with his master. This was a reason for his maintaining his reserved, and almost defensive attitude. On the 7th of June, 1825, he wrote thus: "I do not like either the system of M. de Lamennais, which I believe to be false, or his political opinions, which appear to me exaggerated. I am determined not to enter into any *coterie*, however illustrious. I wish to belong only to the Church, and to the archbishop, my natural superior. I desire, for a considerable time, only to lead a life of obscurity and toil, for the purpose of allowing whatever I may have received of God to ripen, and turning it some day to the glory of his name. Now-a-days people are too much in a hurry both to produce and to consume themselves. It is only in retirement, in silence, in meditation, that are formed the men who are called to exercise an influence on society. I do not affect to be of this number; I do not know what I shall be; but I am thoroughly resolved not to write too young, not to contribute a single article to the most Catholic periodical in the world."

The sound sense and modesty of this student of twenty-three were strong enough to carry the day against undisguised and repeated advances so flattering to his self-love. He was, besides, much noticed by the Duke de Rohan, afterwards Archbishop of Besançon, who would take him down in the autumn to pass some days with him at his country-house; while the Archbishop of Paris entertained him at Conflans with marked attention. This prelate said himself he had taken a fancy to Henry Lacordaire; and, in spite of the difficulties of the times, and the difference in their political opinions, he did not cease to the last to give him proofs of confidence, esteem, affection, and kindness quite paternal. Later, in 1833, Lacordaire inspired M. de Forbin-Janson, the Bishop of Nancy, with the same sentiments—a man who fell beneath the violence of the political storm, and whose opinions, in many respects, were widely separated from his own. Accordingly, upon a solemn occasion, which we shall mention hereafter, Father Lacordaire exclaimed: "Remarkable circumstance! the two Bishops of France, on whom the thunderbolt of our age descended with the greatest force, were the very two who treated me with the most affection."

But now the moment was approaching at which the advocate of Dijon was to become the priest. When his friends announced their marriages to him, he would answer them in a strain of religious pleasantry: "I have good hope of being married myself some day; my betrothed is fair, chaste, immortal; and our nuptials, celebrated on earth, will be consummated in heaven. I shall never have to say: *linquenda domus et placens uxor*." He reckoned himself happy. "I am ready," he said, "like Polycrates, to cast my ring into the sea." If his fears at times suggested thoughts of the deep experience which the sacred ministry required for healing all the wounds in the heart of man, he would reassure himself by rejoining, with Massillon, that although he had seen little of the world, "it was sufficient for him to know himself in order to know mankind." Still from time to time there would pass some shades of melancholy over this brow which had seen but twenty-four years, enclosed within the time-worn edifice of St. Sulpice, which he describes as having "narrow corridors, dark staircases, chambers nearly all of a sombre hue, one court within four high walls, a small garden, consisting of some avenues of lime-trees, two borders, a horse-chestnut tree, and a lilac." But these shades were transient; and he said, with that poetic vivacity which

characterises him: "I am melancholy sometimes; but where is one not melancholy sometimes? It is an arrow which we always carry in our heart; we must try not to lean on the side which it pierces, but never attempt to pluck it out. It is the javelin of Mantinea buried in the breast of Epaminondas: there is no extracting it but by dying, and entering into eternity."

IV.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND ITS DUTIES.

The time was come for the student in theology to follow the bent of his natural genius, and make his first essay in the duties and difficulties of preaching. This he did in the seminary itself; and succeeded so well as to satisfy himself that *sacred oratory was the kind best suited to the development of his faculties*. He gave an account of his *début* with that mixture of the serious and the humorous which never abandoned him on any occasion of his life. "I have preached; that is to say, in a refectory, where a hundred and thirty people were having their dinner; I have made my voice heard above the clatter of plates and spoons, and all the noise of the waiting. I do not believe there is any position more unfavourable to an orator than to speak to people while eating. Cicero himself would not have pronounced the Catiline orations at a dinner of senators, unless he had made the fork fall from their hands at the first sentence. What would he have done, had he had to speak to them of the mystery of the Incarnation? This is, however, what I had to do; and I declare, at the air of indifference which pervaded all countenances, at this spectacle of people not seeming to listen to you, and with their whole attention apparently concentrated on what is on their plate, one of the thoughts that occurred to me was, to throw my square cap at their heads. I came down from the pulpit, therefore, with the thorough conviction that I had preached abominably. I ate my dinner in haste, and walked out into the garden, where I soon learned that my discourse had produced an effect, and that people had been struck by it. I confine myself to this phrase, in which indeed there is a tolerable amount of self-love, and do not mention the judgments, anticipations, flatteries, counsels, and the rest."

This humble *début* decided perhaps the destiny of the priest and orator. The preacher of the refectory was encouraged to fulfil his task on earth, recollecting, however, with Bossuet and Condé, that *glory must follow after virtue*. He resolved to live and to act like a child of God, and an inheritor of the eternal kingdom, like the future possessor of a glory which will never decay; to be guided by a motive more imperishable than renown, and to keep his eyes always fixed above this earth, which is nothing either in its greatness or its duration, or in the men who inhabit it to-day, and disappear from it to-morrow.

In the warmth of his zeal, the future priest felt himself moved "to give up this natural life, and consecrate himself wholly and entirely to the service of One, who is not man that He should ever be envious, ungrateful, or ungenerous." Already his heart was filled with high thoughts at the recollection of the wonderful events in the lives of foreign missionaries. "Their history attests," he exclaims, "and the heart of man knows it well, that the principal cause of their success, apart from what God does, is the degree of certainty of which they give proof, by the voluntary banishment to which they have condemned themselves among barbarous nations, and by their incredible labours, without any visible recompense. The more one wishes to do good in religion, the more necessary it is to give people pledges of its certainty, by holiness and abnegation of life. A great orator, stationed under the shadow of the purple, I should do nothing: a simple missionary, without talent, clothed in rags, and at three thousand leagues from my country, I should move kingdoms. All ecclesiastical history proves this."

At last, after having lost from the seminary some of the young men to whom he was most attached, and of whom he said sorrowfully, "I have left my friends, and they in their turn leave me;" after having regularly completed a course of deep and brilliant theological studies, and repeatedly said to himself, "Glory is the greatest of all things here below, and it is that which

proves how little the things below all are. . . . My end is to make Jesus Christ known to those who know Him not, to contribute to the perpetuity of a divine religion, to alleviate as much misery and arrest as much corruption as I can: and my snare is a desire to make myself talked of,"—on the 25th of September, 1827, he wrote thus: "My wish is accomplished; I have been a priest these three days: 'Sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedec.'" He was only twenty-five.

The Abbé Lacordaire did not deceive himself with respect to the temper of the times, the coldnesses, the violent hatreds with which religion was surrounded, the dangers to be apprehended from the reaction of political storms against the sanctuary. He was bold, and he was ready. M. de Quélen was at first desirous of locating him in the parishes of St. Sulpice and the Madeleine; not succeeding in this, he made him almoner of the convent of the Visitation. This humble occupation left him leisure, and his mother rejoined him. Confession, catechising, religious instructions filled up a portion of his life: he read St. Augustin and Plato, and as yet did not preach. The first discourse he delivered in his priestly character was on Christmas-day 1827, at the college Stanislas, where his renown as a sacred orator was one day to begin. His sermon attracted attention: it is the only written discourse he ever composed. I have not had occasion to speak of his catechetical instructions to the young girls at the Church of St. Sulpice during the last year of his residence at the seminary.

These duties were not sufficient either to fill his time, or to content his soul. He devoted himself to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity in the works of the Fathers: "Strength is at the beginning of things," he said, "and thither will I go to contemplate. The labour will be long, and the more so because I shall collect on my way every thing which may serve me as an apology for Catholicism. The frame-work of this is not yet determined in my mind, but materials for it are sure to be furnished me by Scripture, the Fathers, history, and philosophy. Every thing I have hitherto read in defence of religion appears to me feeble or incomplete. Theologians of modern times go nowhere without a guide: it is just as it is in Switzerland; the road which a celebrated traveller has followed all take, while alongside there is a neglected path, which would lead to new scenes of beauty, but which is not yet become historical." This passage is well worthy of notice; we seem to see already the idea of the *Conferences* under another form.

The young priest had not altogether forgotten the clamour and strife of the age in which he was about to play a part. On the 5th of January, 1828, he said, "There are but two questions in the world of general and immortal interest, and which have power to stir our consciences in the 19th century, religion and liberty. Alternately, and sometimes both together, they have convulsed the universe, and to the very end, to the day when God will pronounce judgment on them, they will never cease repeating to the children the same that they have said to their fathers. The ear of man is never deaf to these two words—Religion and Liberty: whoever would speak a language that shall re-echo along the line of generations, must speak the language of Brutus, or that of St. Paul: all else perishes. What is it that has come down to us from antiquity? What is it that has been saved from the hands of the barbarians, and from the hands of the monks? The histories of liberty, the annals of religion, and those creations of thought which are doubly sacred, because they chant of both one and the other."

Towards the end of 1828, the Abbé Lacordaire was named by M. de Vatisménil assistant-almoner at the college of Henry IV., on the demand of the Archbishop. He did some good there, because he took a pleasure in the children, and his religious exhortations seemed to be much liked by them; but he was indifferently satisfied with the internal condition of the colleges and with the university in general.

His friends, impatient to see him fulfil the destiny which they perceived to be in store for him, urged him to write and preach. He sweetly answered: "I study,

but I do not write. . . . Age is overtaking us: it is time to be reasonable, and to look at life with eyes less dazzled with the sun of youth. . . . Let us be just towards God: He has not made men for a celebrity which so few obtain, and so few value when attained. . . . God sees too well the littleness of the world to give His creatures an occupation so frivolous: He has made the stars in order to put us out of conceit with it. Glory is the illusion of our childhood, and of those who never cease being children; the man who can reach it cares not for it, he is too great already. The wise man lives in himself; he does not wait so late as thirty years to learn the worth of those great coteries called nations; he wills only the good and the virtue which are in his power; he is content with the corner of earth where Providence has placed him; and if he possesses one of those vast geniuses which the whole world itself scarcely satisfies, he loves his solitude still more. He knows his contemporaries too well, not to account himself happy in being able to eat far away from them the onions of his garden, and the wild cherries of his woods. . . . The mania of being something in the world ruins all the spirits of the age; if a great man be born, he will come to us from some fisherman's hut, to which the son of a collier had retired on an income of twenty crowns a-year. The first of all glory, God's glory, is born in solitude."

On another occasion, he jested with his friends in the imaginative language which is so natural to him: "If glory should come like an ancient friend of the family, who had forgotten us awhile, we would be generous, and not turn our back upon her. But she would not smother us; we should be taller than her wings, and on Sunday we would serve her up for dinner, out of respect for the seventh day. Glorious days are coming. All the great lights which are still below the horizon will rise through Catholicism; and you will perceive this if you follow the world with your eye. The world is incapable of giving birth to a great man; such a production is beyond its strength. Exhausted by vice, it thought that liberty would give new life to its barren womb: so, leaving its palace, it presented itself to the multitude, and said, Here I am! But such a meeting was like that between Sin and Death in Milton: youth, once decayed, cannot be renewed but by immortality: virtue and genius, once extinct, can be reproduced by faith alone. God has delivered up the world to men of genius, those created gods, on condition that they bend the knee before Him. Hitherto they have been like to that archangel traversing the void of chaos, and always falling as he went, because they find no solid point whereon to rest their foot, and thence take upward spring." "What remains for us is the pleasure of being Christian philosophers in secret; the nightingale sings sweeter in solitude and shade than at the window of kings. Posterity will not be able to say what kind of men we were. That harlot makes many miserable, and her albums are so scribbled over, from Solomon and Homer downwards, that the space which remains is not worth the trouble of remaining a widower for the sake of it. . . . My soul, like Iphigenia, awaits her brother at the foot of the altar."

Whilst the political storm was muttering from afar, the Abbé Lacordaire, who had not yet discovered his particular call, "lived on from day to day (to use his own words), reading ecclesiastical history, all Plato, a part of Aristotle, Descartes, and the works of M. Lamennais." "How do I employ myself, then?" he exclaimed; "I muse, I think, I read, I pray to the good God, I laugh two or three times a week, I weep once or twice. I get out of temper from time to time with the university, which is the most intolerable child of royalty that I know, and has not even learned how to spell correctly, as it seems to me at times. Add to this a few extempore instructions to pupils of the third and fourth class, and there is my life."

But the apostolic fervour of his zeal was not to be satisfied with these imperfect and insufficient labours. He determined upon embarking for America as a missionary. It was to this new land that all his aspirations turned in that cause of apostleship, religion, liberty, to which he had devoted himself. He thought to find in the New World the sacrifices, the trials, and all the

good he sighed to do in this. The United States appeared to him the only place in the world where Christianity was established on a free basis, capable of giving it solidity. He considered that there only it was unshackled, popular, and in the freshness of its youth, and thence a Catholic revolution would go forth into the world, as a political revolution had done before. Whatever may have been the enthusiastic thoughts of the young priest, he certainly put himself in communication with the Bishop of New York, who offered him a place as vicar-general. He even saw the Bishop in Brittany, at the house of M. de Lamennais, for he had lately made a voyage to La Chesnaie, in the company of the Abbé Gerbet. Up to this time he had seen M. de Lamennais only twice (as has been mentioned), and that only casually, and on terms of mere politeness; but he was reluctant to quit France without closer acquaintance, as by way of a parting farewell, with a man powerful both by his talents and by his fame, whose doctrines he had been for a long time resisting, but who, stationed as he was at the breach in his desperate contest with the dominant powers, was necessarily on the point of being forced into a new and important position by political changes.

The Abbé Lacordaire passed only four days at La Chesnaie in the spring of 1830. He was captivated by the appearance of the famous Breton. The caresses bestowed by a man of talent and renown upon a young man whom he had been the first to court, the natural influence which is invariably exercised over a young imagination by an author of established fame, who smiles on youthful genius—all this could not but contribute to one result: M. de Lamennais, at the first stroke, won the heart of the Abbé Lacordaire, as he had from the first won the hearts of so many young and distinguished men. He hoped that the Abbé de Lamennais would be the founder of Christian liberty in France. He was exceedingly moved at the sight of the author of the *Essay on Indifference* amidst his "fields and groves." "It is a druid of old Armorica come to life again, chanting of liberty with a voice somewhat wild. Heaven be blessed for it! That word, however, is eloquent in all tongues, even when there is left it but one string, as at Sparta. We were happy in our forests: there were about fifteen or sixteen of us, and the greater part young men and laymen. We walked, we talked, we amused ourselves like brothers. I was reminded of those ancient times of Christianity, when the populations of great cities would repair to the cave of some famous solitary. Our hermit is exceedingly good and simple, free from charlatanism, in disgrace with kings, and caring nothing for it."

Three months after this visit, burst forth like a clap of thunder the revolution of July. Lacordaire's intentions of departing for America were not at first changed; he even obtained the double consent of his mother and of M. de Quélen. But the departure of the Bishop of New York was itself delayed; he wished to stay the spring in Europe, and meanwhile the *Avenir* journal was started, October 15, 1830.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thos. Medwin. London, Newby.

WE cannot think that these volumes are in any way creditable to Captain Medwin. Slipshod and somewhat flashy in style, careless and incomplete in arrangement and details, and lax in religion and morality, the book will do nothing towards inducing the impartial reader to form a charitable, yet just, opinion of the merits and demerits of the unhappy poet. It contains, it is true, much that is interesting, and, on the whole, it conveys a tolerable share of information; but as a biography, and still more as a critical biography and a philosophical examination of Shelley's character, which it professes to be, it is as unsatisfactory a production as could well be sent out by a person of tolerable ability and skill. The carelessness with which it is printed is also remarkable in these days of elegant and correct typography; while here and there are blunders in spelling,

which we can hardly believe to be mere errors of the press, and which are peculiarly striking in an author who prefixes to his work a Latin couplet of his own versification. The French and Italian quotations, indeed, and the proper names generally, fare miserably throughout, and are misspelt with a degree of slovenliness (to call it by the mildest of names) which rivals the inaccuracy of a Parisian journalist. We have *villagiatura* for *villeggiatura*, *Arietto* for *arietta*, *Gonsalvo* for *Gonsalvi*, *Georgione* for *Giorgione*, *Baratoria* for *Barataria*, *Southeby* for *Sotheby*, *Retch* for *Retzsch*, *Messa Carrara* for *Massa Carrara*, *Don Aboddio* for *Don Abbonadio*, *Spencer* for *Spenser*, *Elizabethan* for *Elizabethan*, *Monoca* for *Monaca*, *Nibbi* for *Nibby*, *Litton* for *Lytton*, and many more such, if we had inclination and space to specify them. The very fac-simile of Shelley's handwriting, which faces the title-page, is rendered inaccurately in the appendix. The best feature in the book is Captain Medwin's sincere admiration for the subject of his labours, and the honesty with which he avows his opinions, however misplaced may be the admiration, and imprudent the honesty.

Every one knows that Shelley was a poet of great and peculiar genius; that he was expelled from Oxford for atheism; that he was a friend of Lord Byron; and was drowned in the Mediterranean before he had reached middle life. The world thus classes him among the most degraded of his species, and looks on him almost as an intentional enemy of the human race. That we should apologise for him, or extenuate the folly and wickedness of his opinions, is, of course, impossible for a moment. But, at the same time, justice requires that, in forming our estimate of his character and personal guilt, we should bear in mind the circumstances of his education, and the tendencies of his physical and mental constitution; and that, in permitting or reprobating the study of any portion of his writings, we should place them in the class to which they really belong, and not class him with men like Byron, whose very soul was steeped in selfishness and lust.

From his infancy Shelley seems to have known nothing of those tender influences of home, which in a degree supply the place of the principles of pure religion, in saving the young and the excitable from immoral excesses and infidel opinions. From his father he learnt *nothing* that was in any way good; and Captain Medwin relates an expression of the parent to the child with which we will not soil our pages, which speaks volumes for the spirit in which his education was conducted from first to last. At ten years of age Shelley went to school, and learnt with what success boys can torment one another. Captain Medwin thus describes his feelings on changing a home for the establishment of Sion House:

"Exchanging for the caresses of his sisters an association with boys, mostly the sons of London shopkeepers, of rude habits and coarse manners, who made game of his girliness, and despised him because he was not 'one of them'; not disposed to enter into their sports, to wrangle, or fight; confined between four stone walls, in a playground of very limited dimensions (a few hundred yards)—with a single tree in it, and that the bell-tree, so called from its having suspended in its branches the odious bell, whose din, when I think of it, yet jars my ears,—instead of breathing the pure air of his native fields, and rambling about the plantations and flower-gardens of his father's country-seat—the sufferings he underwent at his first outset in this little world were most acute."

From Sion House he went to Eton; where, as might be supposed, the utter absence of religious instruction, and the neglect of all moral discipline, fostered the morbid sensibilities of his mind, and developed his latent tendencies to scepticism in its most audacious forms. Captain Medwin does not supply much in the way of anecdotes of his Eton days; but we know ourselves, from Shelley's early companions, that his conduct and principles were so strange and wild, that charity accounted him mad, even thus early in his career. On one occasion he was found in his room, with a kind of magic circle traced around him, in the highest state of phrensed excitement, and almost delirious through the diseased workings of his imagination. He began soon to write novels and poetry, and to fall in love; and the attachment he formed for his cousin, Harriet Grove, was probably one of those happier incidents in his history which,

had it not been overpowered by circumstances, might have saved him from the downward course he was so rapidly to run. How little he met with at Eton either to warm his heart or to guide his intellect may be gathered from the fact that, having sent for some book on chemistry in his father's library, the book fell into the hands of his tutor, and was returned by him as a forbidden thing!

We can hardly wonder, after this commencement, to find Shelley at Oxford bewildering himself in the works of sceptical men of science and metaphysicians. Unhappily, his earliest philosophical studies were not directed to the writings of one from whom he soon afterwards learned what little of truth and sound principle he ever possessed. Had he begun with Plato, rather than with Locke and Hume, he might have come at length to be a Christian. The singular facility with which he mistook the impressions of fancy, and the terrible sensibility of his nervous temperament, are plain enough from the following extract from a subsequent record, drawn up by himself:

"I have beheld scenes, with the intimate and unaccountable connexion of which with the obscure parts of my own nature, I have been irresistibly impressed. I have beheld a scene that has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After a lapse of many years I have dreamed of this scene. It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither the dream could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor feelings such as neither singly could have awakened from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me happened at Oxford. I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation; we suddenly turned a corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many pleasing meadows, enclosed with stone walls. The irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road in which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common one, the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought. It was a tame and uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge, in serious and sober talk, to the evening fireside and the dessert of winter fruits and wine. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could be expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen the exact scene in some dream of long ago: Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome with thrilling horror." Mrs. Shelley appends to this passage the following remark: "This fragment was written in 1815. I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited." "No man," she adds, "had such keen sensations as Shelley. His nervous temperament was wound up by the delicacy of his health to an intense degree of sensibility; and while his active mind pondered for ever upon, and drew conclusions from, his sensations, his reveries increased their vivacity, till they mingled with and were one with thought, and both became absorbing and tumultuous, even to physical pain."

With his friend Mr. Hogg, Shelley soon brought upon himself the severest chastisement that Oxford could inflict. He wrote a book called *The Necessity of Atheism*, and was mad enough to suppose that, after such a proceeding, he could be permitted to remain within the walls of the University. Captain Medwin quotes Mr. Hogg's irritated and partial account of the expulsion which immediately followed upon the circulation of the treatise. Captain Medwin himself seems to think the young atheist was hardly used, and regrets that he was not either convinced by argument, or, that failing, that "the correction of his errors was not left to time and good sense." We have no high opinion ourselves of the discipline and religious training of Oxford, even in the present day; and we know well that, in Shelley's time, religion and morality were as much at a discount in the University as were learning and philosophy. We do not doubt also that the moral guilt of the boy-sceptic was much extenuated by the scandalous dereliction of duty on the part of almost every creature with whom he had been connected from his infancy. But that Captain Medwin should really suppose that an avowed atheist could be tolerated for a

single week in a place of education calling itself Christian, is a notion too absurd to be seriously refuted. We can only regret that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, such a view should have found an advocate in a writer not unknown in the world of letters.

Soon after Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, which (to do him justice) he seems to have felt somewhat keenly, he plunged into the miseries of an ill-guided marriage. That his heart was by nature formed for domestic happiness, there can be no doubt. Sensitive and susceptible of kindness in a high degree, far less intensely selfish than most men who are not habitually under the influence of religious principles, refined and delicate in his tastes, and by constitution indisposed to intemperance and luxuriousness, he might have become the most amiable of men, and a model of fireside happiness. Yet such was the awful perversion of his powers, that he first became known to the world as a scoffer against religion, and against the obligation of the marriage-tie. Oh, miserable and fatal ruin of one whom we cannot but pity, even in his moments of most audacious folly!

Captain Medwin brings to light the history of this first marriage, and tells us how Shelley became acquainted with Miss Harriet Westbrook while she was still at a boarding-school; how he ran away with her to Gretna; and then wandered from one habitation to another, disowned by his father, who seems to have counted the *mésalliance* a greater crime than the atheism; and how at length incompatibility of temper and feeling brought on a separation, to be followed soon by the suicide of the unhappy lady. Then came another of those terrible blows which the misguided man brought upon his own head, but which nevertheless most assuredly operated to harden him in his resistance to the authority of all law, divine and human, save the impulses of his own not ungenerous heart. His children were taken from his care by a decree of Lord Chancellor Eldon; and the miserable father, who had for a time fallen into a state of derangement on learning his wife's death, fled the land of his birth. First writing a fierce attack upon the Chancellor, but too mild, even in his revenge, to publish it, and taking as his second wife a congenial child of infidelity, the daughter of the novelist Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, Shelley left England in the year 1814. He wandered on through France and Switzerland, and then returned to England for a short season. Poverty now began to oppress him, and for a time, during his journey in France, he was almost destitute. Disease of the lungs also began to shew itself soon afterwards; and the misery, bodily and mental, of the poet was probably at this time at its highest. A flaw was, however, discovered in a family settlement, which, by and by, ensured him a provision:—

"The Shelley settlement, which is well known by lawyers, and quoted as a masterpiece of that legal casuistry called an entail, was found to contain an ultimate limitation of the reversion of the estates to the grandfather. A celebrated conveyancer, I believe the friend whom I have already mentioned in a former part of these memoirs, has the credit of having made this important discovery; and the consequence was, the fee simple of the estate, after his father's death, was vested in Shelley. He was thus enabled to dispose of it by will as he pleased; and not only this, he had the means of raising money to supply his necessities. Sir Timothy was well aware of his son's position, but was not prepared for the discovery of it. The news fell upon him like a thunderbolt; he was furious; but being desirous of benefiting his family, by the advice of a solicitor, made some arrangement—but whether on a post obit, or what terms, I know not—with Shelley, for an annuity of eight hundred pounds a-year."

In 1816, Shelley passed a summer near the lake of Geneva in company with Lord Byron, and his strange physician and companion Polidori. About this time Shelley's mind began to take that form which it retained on the whole till his life was suddenly cut short. That he continued an atheist in the strict sense of the word is certainly not true. He seems to have recognised, to a certain extent, the reality of a future state, and the existence of an Eternal Creator of all things. But that he ever in the smallest degree suffered such ideas to interfere with his own will—that he ever

thought of submitting himself to any authority, divine or human—there does not appear the faintest evidence. He talked of Plato, he thought in a measure with Plato, but he never believed with Plato.

Returning to England, Shelley resided for a time at Marlow, where he wandered and dreamed away his hours, and caught those visions of intellectual beauty which are the animating soul of many of his most exquisite poems. Floating in his skiff on the gentle Thames, he watched the loveliness of the sky above, and the green woods and meadows around him, for hours and almost days together, seeking, in the indulgence of untrammelled thought, that bliss which he never found. Again he went abroad, never to return. In Italy he learned to love every thing but its religion: at Rome he studied deeply the spirit of Greek and Roman poetry, and delighted to reverence and honour Dante. There also he wrote that hideous tragedy, which we must ever consider one of the most fearful proofs of the terrible capabilities of the human mind, to entertain thoughts and dwell upon emotions which we are wont to consider almost as peculiar to devils. That such a genius as Shelley's, comparatively free from the disgusting profligacies, the selfish coldness, and the reckless disregard of human happiness, which belong to the most degraded of our race, should yet imagine and write such a play as "The Cenci," we cannot but think one of the most humiliating facts which the history of literature records. It is almost as the work of a fallen angel, both in its power and in its horrors.

The circumstances of Shelley's violent death, and of the burning of his remains by his friends, are too well known to need repetition here. Captain Medwin, however, gives an explanation of one of the points connected with the ceremonies of the funeral pile which ought not to be omitted. Salt and frankincense were used on the occasion; and it has been imagined that they were employed in studied mockery of the Christian religion, and with a wish to give to the whole the special character of a Pagan rite. Such, however, was not the case; for the salt and frankincense were employed solely with a view to prevent any dangerous consequences to the health of the bystanders. The burning itself was rendered necessary, it is said, by the quarantine laws. The ashes were conveyed to Rome, and buried, after some difficulty, in the Protestant burial ground in the Eternal City. Captain Medwin concludes his life by the following extraordinary specimen of Scripture interpretation:—

"In my Father's house," says our Saviour, "are many mansions;" which, though the commentators differ in the interpretation of the text, obviously means (!) that there are many quiet resting-places in heaven for those differing in opinion on religion; and there, it may be hoped with confidence, that Shelley has found an abode, where the Eternal are."

The whole of these volumes, indeed, are pervaded by a laxity of religious principle, which, common as it may be among minds of a certain class, is yet rarely avowed with so much openness as in the present case. Take, for example, these sentences on the subject of Socialism:—

"If Lord Melbourne did not hold similar opinions (with Owen, the Socialist leader), he at least thought there was no harm in encouraging them by presenting Mr. Owen to the Queen. The question is, whether, in the present state of society, and with the want of education that characterises the sect of which Mr. Owen is the founder, the Socialists, their tenets are, or are not, pregnant with danger. This philanthropist, however, certainly is sincere in believing the contrary; and up to this time experience seems to have confirmed his belief. He has spent his life and expended his fortune in inculcating them; and a more thoroughly amiable and moral man does not exist."

We know nothing whatever of the private life of Mr. Owen; doubtless Captain Medwin knows it well; but we had hardly expected to find a man of decent character and good education writing in this tone on the harmlessness of Socialism. After this we are not surprised to find him classing Shelley among the benefactors of the human race:

"Shelley, on the contrary," (as compared with Lord Byron,) "with the goodness of a noble mind, sought by a more enlarged philosophy to dull the edge of his own miseries,

and, in the sympathy of a generous and amiable nature for the sufferings of his kind, to find relief and solace for a disappointment which in Byron had only led to wilful exaggeration of its own despair. Shelley, on this trying occasion, had the courage to live, in order that he might labour for one great object—the advancement of the human race, the amelioration of society—and strengthened himself in a resolution to devote his energies to this ultimate end, being prepared to endure every obloquy, to make any sacrifice for its accomplishment; and would, if necessary, have died for the cause."

Among other freaks of this singularly distorted philanthropy, Shelley on one occasion proposed (oh, shades of Wesley and Whitfield!) to preach in the pulpit of the well-known Nonconformist minister, Rowland Hill; a man celebrated in the dissenting religious world for his jests, his simplicity, and his quaint but honest earnestness. Our young freethinker actually wanted to mount the Methodist rostrum, and perhaps after one of Wesley's vulgarest hymns, to preach the gospel according to the notions of Percy Bysshe Shelley. He wrote under an assumed name to Rowland Hill, but, of course, never received any answer.

A more singular feature, however, in Captain Medwin's pages than even his almost avowed apologies for scepticism and infidelity, is the astounding openness with which he lays about him in assaulting those whom he counts his enemies in the republic of letters. Probably he thinks all this the perfection of honesty; and undoubtedly honest it is; but that it is justifiable, decent, gentlemanly, we think none but the author of the tirades will imagine. Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Hobhouse, and others, one after another, come under his pitiless pen; and, if we may believe Captain Medwin, they are all so little better than rogues, hypocrites, and humbugs, and so destitute of genius and learning, as to deserve all the mud which the gallant Captain remorselessly flings in their faces. Here is a specimen of the style of critical remarks with which, in conjunction with a host of interminable prosing about his own concerns, our author has interlarded the life of Shelley:

"But if Hobhouse be a miserable politician, what shall I say of him as an author? No worse specimens of style or taste are to be found than in his works, *passim*. Well might Shelley class him with Eustace and Co., and say, alluding to his *Nibbistolen* notes on the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*—'the object of which was, not to illustrate the poem, but to parade his own learning. They will tell all the show-knowledge about it (Rome), the common stuff of the earth.' In his articles, which are numerous (he has been an indefatigable reviewer, dividing his favours with the most scurrilous ultra-Tory and the most violent ultra-Radical of the periodicals, *les extrêmes se touchent*), he stands quite alone,—they shine in unblushing effrontery of assertion and blackguardism of language. In order to serve his purpose, he at times condescends to pick up gossip from servants."

Then, again, he tells us that, in a pamphlet he once wrote about Lord Byron, he exposed "more than thirty instances of malignant and intentional lying on the part of the said Hobhouse." All this is offensive in the highest degree, and can only serve one good purpose, that of enabling the reader to see at once what is the value of that precious *philanthropy* which Shelley's principles cherished, and which meets with the sympathies, and commands the veneration, of the author of these shameful scurrilities.

After all this, it is almost refreshing to come down to the absurdities of the following sentence. The Captain's notions of a woman's mind are highly complimentary:

"The example of the most surpassing spirits that have ever appeared, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton, proves that poets have been most unfortunate in their matrimonial choice, not as Moore would endeavour to establish, because such are little fitted for the wedded state, but because, in the condition of society, which Shelley characterises as a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilisation"—(that is, a state in which the marriage-tie cannot be dissolved at pleasure)—"women are unequally educated, and are hence on an inequality with men, and unable to form a just estimate of their genius, and to make allowances for those eccentricities of genius, those deviations from the standard of common minds, which they have set up."

We were not aware before this that it was *unpoetical*, whatever else it might be, to use the irrevocable words,

"I, N., take thee, M., to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part."

We have only to add one of Captain Medwin's better passages, and to lament that he has not employed some portion of the acuteness and good feeling which characterise this and other portions of his book, in pruning and softening its more objectionable parts. Even here there is thrust in an offensive personality against a living author:

"The Byron of England and Geneva and the Byron of Italy, or at least Pisa, were widely different persons. His talk was, at that time, a dilution of his letters, full of *persiflage* and *ca-lembourg*. Shelley used to compare him to Voltaire, to whom he would have thought it the greatest compliment to be compared; for if there was any one writer whom he admired more than another, it was the author of *Candide*. Like Voltaire, he looked upon converse as a relaxation, not an exercise of mind. Both professed the same speculative, I might say sceptical, turn of mind; the same power of changing the subject from the grave to the gay; the same mastery over the sublime, the pathetic, the comic. No; he differed from the philosopher of Ferney in one respect—he never scoffed at religion. His boss of veneration was strongly developed, and, had he returned to England, he would, I have little doubt, have died, as Rochester did, and as Tommy Moore lives, in the odour of sanctity. Shelley frequently lamented that it was almost impossible to keep Byron to any one given point. He flew about from subject to subject, like a will-o'-the-wisp, touching them with a false fire, without throwing any real or steady light on any. There was something enchanting in his manner, his voice, his smile—a fascination in them; but, on leaving him, I have often marvelled that I gained so little from him worth carrying away; whilst every word of Shelley's was almost oracular; his reasoning subtle and profound; his opinions, whatever they were, sincere and undisguised; whilst with Byron, such was his love of mystification, it was impossible to know when he was in earnest. As in the writings of the Greek philosophers, there was always an under-current. He dealt, too, in the gross and indelicate, of which Shelley had an utter abhorrence, and often left him with ill-disguised disgust. At times, however, but they only, like angels' visits, few and far between, he, as was said of Raphael, could pass from the greatest jesting to the greatest seriousness with the most charming grace. To get him into an argument was a very difficult matter."

The Reformation in Europe. By Cesare Cantù. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. Vol. I. London, Newby.

THE ecclesiastical historian writes under disadvantages peculiar to himself. He finds it sufficiently difficult to be really fair and impartial, while that he should *appear* so to others is scarcely a possibility. In addition to the ordinary obstacles to strict truth and justice which beset the secular annalist, the writer of Church-history is himself committed to some one particular view of religious doctrine, which *necessarily* compels him to adopt a corresponding interpretation of the motives and characters of the men whose actions he chronicles. If he is an unbeliever, in order to be consistent with himself he must regard every professedly religious man either as a hypocrite, or a self-deceiving enthusiast. If he is a conscientious Protestant or a conscientious Catholic, he will be utterly unable to form an estimate of the piety and sincerity of the personages whom he describes, without a continual reference to the truth or falsehood of their theological belief. A Protestant cannot, on his own principles (except in certain cases), regard the conversion of a Protestant to the Catholic religion as any thing but an act of *sin*; nor can a Catholic hold it possible (as a general rule) that a really devout member of the Roman Church can forsake his faith for that of a Protestant communion. The whole subject involves ideas of right and wrong, and certain positive opinions respecting the inward condition of the individual conscience, which render it a hopeless task to attempt to produce an ecclesiastical history which shall seem honest and candid to the various contending parties who bear the Christian name. We might as well expect a Jew to write such a history of Christianity as should be acceptable to Christians.

So far, however, as ecclesiastical annals can possibly be made palatable to all parties, Cesare Cantù has succeeded in his difficult task. Not that he has apparently

aimed with a definite purpose at such a general popularity, for there are no tokens in his book that his object has been of so low a kind. On the contrary, it bears every mark of being the work of a man who is thoroughly in earnest, and who writes what he cordially believes to be true, not wishing to give needless offence, but not shunning to speak his mind through fear of criticism or condemnation.

He is himself undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men among the present Italian *litterati*. In a short preface to the volume before us the translator gives a sketch of his literary life, which is sufficient to shew that the vigour of the old Italian scholars is far from extinct. A Milanese by birth, Cantù was at seventeen made a professor of history; at two-and-twenty, the death of his father laid upon him the burden of providing for nine brothers and sisters, an obligation which he worthily fulfilled. His first published work was a poem, on a subject connected with the old Lombard League, which had great success. After this he wrote some *Inni Sacri*, and a *Sermone*, which also became extremely popular. He soon betook himself to historical composition, wrote histories of Como, and of the *Rivoluzione della Valtellina*; a Guide to the Lake of Como; and *Ragionamenti sulla Storia Lombarda*. In the latter he gave a series of sketches of the historical characters and events which Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi* had just brought before all European readers. Twelve editions of this work were sold in a few months; but its popular principles speedily consigned its author to an Austrian dungeon, where he languished for a year, and was then dismissed untried, and stripped of his professorship.

Cantù then applied himself to periodical criticism, wrote two historical novels, and four small volumes of elementary readings in Italian. Besides this, he translated Lamartine's *Journey in the Levant*, Sismondi's *Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Condé's *History of the Arabs in Spain*. All this was accomplished before he was thirty-two years of age. He then began the publication of a *Universal History*, upon a new plan, "embodying modern inventions and discoveries, and exhibiting mankind, not in separate sections, but in one collective mass; so as to shew that, in spite of the stationary or retrograding condition of individual portions, the whole has been constantly progressing towards a higher and purer state of society. The work was to consist of about forty octavo volumes, to be concluded within eight years!"

This gigantic labour Signor Cantù completed according to his first promise. Though at its first outset it met with vehement opposition, it gradually won the favour of its opponents, and before the original work had reached two-thirds of its publication, seven different reprints, amounting together to twelve thousand copies, were successively undertaken in Italy, while three translations appeared in France, Belgium, and Germany.

A portion of this remarkable work, Signor Prandi, long time an Italian refugee in England, but now by the lenient policy of the King of Sardinia, residing again in his own land, has here presented to English readers. Though a foreigner's translation of a foreign work, we are bound to say that it is, with here and there a blemish, rendered into very good, idiomatic English; and will probably become one of the most popular books on the subject that we possess. Nor is the work, so far as yet published, at all undeserving of its great continental success. As may be supposed, from the nature of the extensive history of which it forms a portion, it makes no pretensions to that complete and formal treatment of its subject which we generally expect in a professed "history." It is rather a lively *résumé* of the striking and important features of the time of which it treats, told with sufficient minuteness to make it interesting, and to avoid the dulness of a mere abstract, yet without that fulness of detail which would be necessary for a book of reference. It partakes just so much of the three peculiar styles of the "history," the "encyclopædia," and the "review," as is needful to give definite ideas in an attractive spirit.

Of course we do not mean to pledge ourselves to every opinion or statement which Signor Cantù has put forth: we even think that in one or two points

—though not on the whole—he is somewhat hard upon Luther himself. Yet the story is told in an honest and charitable, yet unshrinking tone, which will go far to conciliate conscientious persons of every kind, and which make it one of the most agreeable books of Church-history that has for some time been written. A few passages from those parts in his book which describe the most prominent characters in the Reformation-struggles, will enable our readers to form their own opinion on its merits.

The following portrait of Leo X. we think will be accepted as extremely near the truth, by all who are contented with facts:

“Leo X. came to the Pontifical chair in the flower of his age. Cultivated, amiable, and peaceful, he was an intellectual voluptuary. Sometimes he would listen to music, himself humming an accompaniment to the air; at others, he witnessed the representation of the comedies of Macchiavelli and Bibiena, or assisted at the mock triumphs of the Court fools, Querno and Baraballo. He disconcerted his chamberlain by appearing in public without his rochet, and sometimes even in boots. He hunted during entire days at Viterbo and Corneto, fished at Bolsena, caressed Aretino and Ariosto. He accepted the dedication of the very immoral poem of the latter; of the voyages of Rutilio Namaziano, one of the last pagans rabid against Christianity; and of the Annotations of Erasmus to the New Testament, which were afterwards placed in the Index of prohibited books. In short, he was a perfect gentleman, but a very bad Pope. He spent 100,000 ducats at his coronation, which was celebrated with princely ceremonies and diversions. Besides dissipating the treasures amassed by Julius II. to drive the Barbarians from Italy, he pledged the jewels of St. Peter, and sold numberless places, so as to increase the annual expenditure of the Church to forty millions of ducats, and to incur immense debts.

“To indulge his family ambition he intrigued with foreign princes, and was guilty of unheard-of rigours; so that the people said of him, ‘he rose stealthily like a fox, reigned like a lion, and ended like a dog.’

“With all these faults he maintained the purest integrity in conferring benefices, imploring his courtiers not to request favours which might lead to repentance and shame; and he rather satisfied the supplicants from his own purse.”

The picture of the great foe of Leo is not less true to the life:

“Luther had studied much; but in his Latin, instead of the elegance and harmony of the classics, we find stiffness and diffuseness; and when in writing to Rome, he sought to embellish his style, it was inflated, bombastic, and overlaid with expletives. He wrote better when in anger. He then made up for his deficiency of Latin by means of German. However, he cared not for art, but spoke because he needs must speak: he did not argue clearly, but had recourse to paradox, and pretended to reason on probabilities, after the manner of the schoolmen. Even when advancing the boldest proposition, he would add: ‘That is logic, not belief; and faith has nothing to do with it.’

“He had acquired much dexterity in treating philosophical and religious subjects in his native tongue, and possessed the requisite qualifications of an orator,—inexhaustible treasures of thought, an imagination alike ready to receive and produce impressions, infinite copiousness and pliancy of style, a clear and sonorous voice, a fiery eye, a fine head, beautiful hands, noble and varied gesture.—he was moreover scrupulously clean in his dress, his hair, and his teeth. He lived among the people, and studied them; understanding them to be the source of durable revolutions. His words were animated by the pride of personal infallibility, which submits to refer to the word of God, but reserves the right of interpreting it according to his own fancy. His declamation was impetuous, and he had no respect to persons or things. Imagination and wit served him instead of genius; and hurried on by impulse, he considered not whither his arguments would lead him. He preached as often as three times a day, never lacking materials; but it was always with the disorder and the passion of an ode. He was eloquent, if eloquence consist in constant emotion of soul. He was still a Catholic preacher; but he foresaw that eloquence would decline together, if he confined himself to the dogma, and relinquished the advantage of exciting the conscience to terror or to tears.

“Luther’s marriage with a nun was naturally the subject of unusual scandal, to which Luther replied with suitable sarcasms and violence.

“The nun, exasperated by the long silence and petty intrigues of a convent, exalted by the possession of the Reformer, and by having taken an illegal step, became quarrelsome, complained of calumnies, provoked her husband, and made him

feel all the torments of genius allied to narrow-mindedness. Luther tolerated her irascibility as natural, as a quality inseparable from women, ‘destined to be mothers, the only thing for which God created them.’

“But in the bosom of his family he reposed after his external struggles; he laughed, joked, and loved, after having vented his hatred; and if his Catherine lamented over his perils, he inspired her with confidence in God, and addressed her in gentle words. He dissolved in tears when he lost one of his children.

“This mingling of kindness and pride, of gaiety and melancholy, of violence and subtlety, constantly recurs in Luther’s life. Even giving due consideration to times when urbanity and moderation, in word or deed, were unknown, it is impossible not to feel disgusted at the libertine and scurrilous tone with which he treats the most serious things and characters. When in the evening he repaired to a tavern, to talk over what he had preached in the morning, he indulged in conversations, which were preserved (*Tisch-rede*), and which would have disgraced an orgy of debauchees. These trifles would not be noticed, but that such language was long that of his followers, and is not even now abandoned. It has been asserted that this style was then usual. It is, however, not to be found in the writings of the Catholic leaders, though it occurs among some of that scum which attaches itself to every cause, and does not suffice to dishonour any more than it avails to protect it.”

We conclude with Signor Cantù’s view of Calvin and Calvinistic inquisitorial rigours:

“Calvin, being endowed with great talents and much general knowledge, was consulted by all parties. He preached almost daily, and though naturally of a weak constitution, attended the consistories, which were frequently summoned. He solicited shelter and assistance for refugees; he was upright in his dealings, and of most unimpeachable morals. One hundred and twenty-five crowns was all the property he left behind him; thus shewing that although he had repudiated the gentleness and toleration of the Apostles, he had not disdained their poverty. Strict without asceticism, religious without either charity or enthusiasm, and a determined defender of order, during his reign at Geneva, he promulged and upheld good laws.

“But he established a republic from materials purely destructive. When a multitude of other innovators opposed his views, he shewed himself inexorable, like all those who, having made a revolution, pretend to stop its progress when they will. This vicious position he, however, maintained admirably. It must be granted that the Reformation improved the manners of the Swiss, by diffusing instruction and morality among the people, and by stigmatising the traffic in blood, as well as the custom of receiving money and honours from foreign princes. Elementary schools were established; and a country hitherto composed of hunters and warriors, now turned its attention to study.

“In conformity with the republican principles predominating at Geneva, Calvin abolished Episcopal government, and assigned the election of the ministry to the religious community at large, the lay population also having a voice in the consistory. Every man sanctified by grace is obliged to render himself worthy of it by the purity of his manners; but the sanctity of the priest is not in any respect considered to be above that of any member of his flock.

“All this tended to a democratic form of government; yet, contrary to the spirit which then predominated, Calvin subjected the civil to the religious power, and thus laid the foundation for future revolutions. This absolute emancipation from authority produced extraordinary effects; both in the civil and in the religious portion of the community, sects were multiplied, and many political ideas developed. Luther had destroyed the Catholic monarchy; and Calvin destroyed the Lutheran aristocracy, in place of which he established a consistory, composed of ministers who governed the Church, and who at the same time possessed the power of correcting public manners.

“This last office was no other than a species of Inquisition, for even family secrets were betrayed: who ever possessed any papistical images was punished; the swearer was put into the pillory; who ever went to mass, or accompanied another to the tavern, or came too late to church, was condemned to pay a penalty. One act of severity produced another, till theatres, dancing, noisy diversions, and all national pastimes were forbidden. Sponsors were obliged to remain at church until the ceremony of baptism and the sermon were ended, or were to pay a certain penalty; and if they gave any entertainments for the occasion, they were condemned in double the amount. Men could not dance with women, nor wear striped garments. Three persons were put into prison and kept upon bread and water, because at breakfast they had eaten three dozen cakes. A bride who appeared in public with her hair dressed in a

fashion contrary to that which was commanded, was imprisoned, together with the hair-dresser. A man who was detected with cards in his possession was condemned to the pillory, with the cards tied to his back. Geneva long preserved the marks of these intolerant severities, repudiating the arts, poetry, and theatrical exhibitions.

"The same spirit of intolerance which made Calvin believe there should be but one Church, and that this Church was only to be found amongst his own followers, induced him also to abuse in the grossest language, in his own cold and prosaic manner, whomsoever amongst the other Reformers had obtained any eminence."

An Inquiry into the Difference of Style observable in ancient Glass-Paintings, especially in England; with Hints on Glass-Painting. By an Amateur. 2 vols. Oxford, Parker.

WHEN amateurs produce books as good as this, professional men may well look to themselves. The author of this *Inquiry and Hints*, C. W. (Winston), has collected such a store of observations, has made those observations with so much care and diligence, and has, withal, now put them forth in so straightforward and unpretending a style, that we may safely say that his work is the best book as yet existing on the subject in England. That more yet remains to be done, and that the subject demands a somewhat more philosophical and artistic treatment than falls within our author's present plan, is a fact that in no way disparages the value of this *Inquiry* in the line to which it is especially directed. We should be rejoiced to find that it had got into the hands of every architect, every glass-painter, and every critic who was called upon to give an opinion on the productions of the beautiful art to which it relates.

The author divides the different styles of glass-painting into the same periods which are now usually adopted in classifying the works of Gothic architecture, and of the *renaissance* which succeeded its debasement. In each of these, he enters into minute explanations of the texture and colour of the glass (and this portion of his work we would particularly recommend to all classes of persons who are interested in the art), and of the mode of execution, figures, foliage, borders, patterns, pictures, canopies, heraldry, letters, and mechanical construction which characterised the works of each of the epochs which come under his notice. Then follows a chapter in which he expounds his own views on the spirit in which the art should be cultivated, with a view to make the best of the advantages and deficiencies of our own appliances; and an appendix furnishes us with a translation of the second book of the schedule of the Monk Theophilus, treating on the old method of working in glass. This fills the first volume; the second is entirely taken up with illustrations from fragments of ancient windows, some plain, some coloured. The prints we think the least satisfactory portion of the work. Not that they are ill executed, or that the originals are incorrectly rendered; but they are unfortunately chosen as specimens of the real spirit and beauty of the ancient paintings. They are mostly taken from English windows, and as a rule are horribly ugly, not to say hideous, wherever they give representations of the human figure or countenance; and they have little grace or beauty in the patterns and general designs.

We should have been extremely glad if the work had presented a few specimens of those more successful works of the mediæval artists which are to be found in the churches of the continent, and which, until lately, were occasionally to be picked up in the repertoires of dealers and curiosity-hunters. Were we to judge from the specimens in these volumes, we should conceive that the nearer a figure of a saint or angel approached to our *beau-ideal* of a hobgoblin, the more exquisite was it in the eyes of our forefathers. Yet we have often ourselves seen glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, not only conceived and designed in the spirit of the purest beauty, grace, and expression, but executed with so masterly a hand, that we may say, without fear of contradiction, that there exists at present no glass-painter in this country who could hope to come near them, either in idea or in technical handling.

There is no doubt, however, that the author of these volumes would be the very last to have chosen spe-

cimens of deformity, rather than of loveliness, had he possessed the means for making the choice; and therefore, we can only express our hope, that if his work comes to a second edition, he will not only ransack the stores of the owners of old glass in this country, but will make a pilgrimage through France and Germany, in search of the real feelings of the old painters for all that is most beautiful in the art. No one can speak more decidedly against that laughable perversion of common sense, which, during the revival which has now been going on amongst us for some years, has led many persons (though a continually decreasing number) to imagine that deformity and caricature were essential elements in the principles of the middle-age artists. People have been smitten with a mania for monstrosities. They have fancied that a church window, in order to be *spiritual* (!), ought to be like an anatomical museum, and contain specimens of all the abortions of shape to which poor human nature is subject. Gentlemen and ladies, amateurs and artists, architects and painters, we have gone wild in our love of lanky fingers, twisted necks, wry mouths, and grim countenances, until we have come to think that men look most Christian when they are most deformed, and angels appear most angelic when they most resemble scarecrows.

All this nonsense, happily, is fast on the wane. We are discovering that the painters and sculptors of the fourteenth century did not make it a point of conscience to represent the blessed Virgin with a crick in the neck; but that they simply did their best on all occasions; drawing well when they could, and aiming in every thing at an expression of their ideas, with that perfect, chaste, and celestial beauty, which they have so marvellously attained to in their architectural works.

The author of this *Inquiry*, in his chapter on the present powers of the art, introduces, however, certain speculations and suggestions, which will probably find less general acceptance among intelligent readers than his reprobation of the notion of the beauty of ugliness. We do not pretend to agree altogether in his views, but at the same time we think them well worthy of consideration, and cannot but believe, that even if not adopted, they may be of material service in helping the art out of its present state of infancy and pupillage. Persons will be startled to find him advocating the entire renunciation of much of the earlier style of glass-painting; but before they shut up the book, and refuse to enter into the question as a fair matter for argument, we must beg them to find some other mode for getting over the difficulty which arises from the fact, that we *cannot* now make glass as clear and brilliantly transparent, when seen at a distance, as was the glass of the thirteenth century. Those who have studied the question so carefully as our author has, have a right to be heard, even if we may not admit their claim to be answered. We think ourselves, that they ought to be both heard and answered.

A few Remarks on the Social and Political Condition of British Catholics. By the Earl of Arundel and Surrey. London, Dolman.

LORD ARUNDEL AND SURREY, if we may judge from the pamphlet he has just published, is a man who feels a misrepresentation more keenly than a personal injury. He loves truth even more than his own honour, and his religion more than his rank, or any of the temporal advantages which Providence has so liberally showered upon him. Mingling with men of all classes and religions, he is acutely sensible of the strange distortions of the creed he loves with which he perpetually meets, even among the best intentioned and most religious. His heart is wounded by the cruel insinuations against the ministers of his religion which he incessantly hears in public and private. He can scarcely bear to see that faith, which he believes to be the very embodiment of the spirit of perfect love, represented as a deceitful, persecuting, bloody foe of the human race.

How deeply he felt the wound inflicted upon the fair fame of Catholicism by the lately reported denunciations from Irish altars, his warm-hearted letter to Dr. M'Hale has abundantly testified; and we be-

Have we are not going too far in saying that he had with him the sympathies of the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen who share his creed. *They long to see an explicit denial of Lord Farnham's charges on competent testimony; and if that unhappily cannot be, they desire to know that such abuses (to call them by the mildest terms) will be for the future morally impossible.* In the remarks Lord Arundel has now put forth on the social and political condition of British Catholics, the same earnest, humble, and charitable spirit will be manifest, we think, even to the most prejudiced reader. We shall not pretend to criticise what he has written at any length, partly because it is not too much to expect that the pamphlet will be extensively read and fairly appreciated, and partly to avoid saying any thing which may appear too much like panegyric in the eyes of one, to whom is universally attributed a self-forgetfulness and modesty which gives him a claim upon our respect not lightly to be forgotten. We need only say that these "Remarks" are as straightforward, religious, and earnest as the most fastidious can desire; and that they present, we believe, a faithful portrait of the opinions of that large body of Englishmen among whom Lord Arundel's family holds the highest temporal rank. The concluding paragraph contains a request for indulgence which few will think ought to be withheld:

"If I have said a word that can offend any of my Protestant brethren, I sincerely regret it; and I would say to them, that I am willing to give to all the liberty I claim for myself, or rather for my poorer Catholic brethren. Dream not of 'Papistical plots,' 'Jesuitical contrivances.' Fancy not that those among you who have entered the Catholic Church have been urged by other than their own conscientious convictions; and that frequently—too frequently—at the sacrifice of all that this world holds most dear. Doubt not that he who now ventures to address you is as anxious as any amongst you for the glory, the happiness, and the honour of England. His earnest prayer is, that the reign of Queen Victoria may be long, happy, and glorious; that her children, and her children's children, may inherit her throne and her virtues. And if the humble prayers of the author of these hasty lines be offered for the conversion of his country, regard it as no insult, nor any shortcoming of love: rather look upon them as incense offered on the altar of charity, the first duty of a Christian to the God of all love."

The Boat and the Caravan. A Family Tour through Egypt and Syria. London, Bogue, 1847.

BOOKS of Eastern travel have been so plentiful of late that we begin to feel them a drug. However, this work differs in some respects from any other we have seen, and is a very fair execution of a good idea. It describes the adventures of a lady and gentleman, with their two children and lady's-maid, in the course of a voyage up the Nile, a journey across the Desert, and the usual round to Jerusalem, Jericho, Nazareth, Damascus, and Baalbec. The work is intended for young people, and the characters are imaginary; although the author intimates that he describes nothing that did not come under his notice in a similar tour. Without telling us any thing very new, or taking a very new view of any thing, the book is decidedly amusing and truthful—the plain journal of a respectable, well-to-do English family, determined to enjoy themselves with a trip to the Holy Land, and gossiping over what they had seen. Their religious spirit may be easily guessed: it is not wilfully profane, though there is that tameness and poverty of imagination so generally exhibited by the popular mind when in actual contact with those awful places. Of this coldness, indeed, the author complains, though without thinking of the real cause. We quote one or two instances:

"They were then taken down a flight of steps to the great object of attraction—the grotto of the Nativity. It is a low cave, fitted up as a chapel, with lighted lamps continually burning upon the altar;—and this is the stable where our Saviour was said to be born! It was pointed out to the indefatigable and credulous Helena, who built a church over it, and founded the monastery. Charles and Emily were deeply interested in viewing the grotto, and eagerly inquired whether their parents believed that our Saviour was really born there. Mr. Dalton was again obliged to explain that it was *highly improbable* that the stable of an inn should have been a cave."

Nothing is more common in Palestine at the present day, according to the author of *Eöthen*—an instance how needlessly people lose by disbelief.

"The last curiosity the monk had to shew was the synagogue of the Jews, in which our Saviour read the passage out of Isaiah on the Sabbath-day, and excited the anger of his unbelieving countrymen. It is a small building, and apparently of great antiquity, but there is *no evidence* to shew that it really was the scene of his memorable address. . . . Charles and Emily, with the easy belief of youth, were disposed to credit all the monkish traditions which abound in the Holy Land."

There is an interesting and apparently genuine description of a fellow-traveller, who might have been more brought out, as a contrast to this mode of viewing things. He visits Palestine from a beautiful motive: having lost a beloved wife, who had always expressed a very strong desire to see the Holy Land, he felt it a kind of duty binding upon himself to make the pilgrimage which would have given her so much pleasure and happiness; and, as might be expected, he looks on all the holy places with an unbounded faith, which is half envied by his incredulous companions.

We have hinted that this little work supplies few, if any, new facts. The following scraps, however, are certainly curious:

"A singular notion prevails among the Samaritans, that in England, America, and other parts of the globe, some of their brethren may be found, but who carefully conceal their origin."

"The *Druses* say that they have many adherents in different parts of the world, even among the mountains of Scotland, but that they carefully conceal their principles."

It is a pity no intelligent traveller, competent to such a task, has yet made it his sole business to investigate into the origin and condition of that singular people. Clot-Bey, we are told, collected several important religious books among them, when with Ibrahim Pasha in the Haouran in 1838; but we are not aware that these have yet been made public, or that any distinct researches have been made in that interesting field.

"In the upper part of the wall [which bounds the mosque of Omar] is a large projecting stone, on which the *Mussulmans* believe that *Christ* will sit to judge the world. The more zealous also expect that the false prophet will assist our Saviour at the last day, in his great and awful division of the righteous from the wicked; but they all admit that before the end of time, the whole body of the Mahometans are to become Christians. The Daltons were told by some that they have the authority of the Koran for such belief, but had no opportunity of ascertaining whether they were right in saying so."

We may add, that the Turks have a notion that whenever the Europeans make war upon them, it is on account of their *religion*, by whatever other motives we disguise it; they think Christians are still bent on the extirpation of Islam.

As a whole, this little book is valuable to the speculator, being one new specimen of the effect produced on a certain class of minds by the sacred East. We have seen in *Eöthen* the brilliant cleverness of the world, judging of every thing by its effect, totally destitute of serious belief, and yet anxious here and there to know what the feeling of faith is, "to write it in their tablets" as a fresh intellectual gratification. Then, in *The Crescent and the Cross* we had the rather more tempered and refined observation of a scholar and a gentleman—a man of the world to be sure, but still not so given up to the mere revelry of the intellect, or rejoicing in the utter absence of all control, or relishing as well as realising involuntary disbelief. Next came Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh—a writer neither brilliant nor refined, but very sharp, with a quick eye for all those odd juxtapositions which vulgarise the most solemn places and times, but which it can answer no good end studiously to call to remembrance. A mind so steeped and soaked in worldliness as not to have one great or tender thought—not to mention holy and good thoughts—in the midst of the most august and awful recollections. And now comes the *Family Tour*, equally curious in its way, as bringing out the result of ordinary, plain-sailing Protestantism in collision with the burning enthusiasm of Catholic and Greek, Copt and Mussulman, pouring themselves into Jerusalem, the Holy City. The two

have, of course, nothing in common. The Protestant feels himself separated from all other worshippers at the shrine; and he wishes he could feel, but feels very little. The reason is, that he seeks in Jerusalem a memorial, they seek a relic. The stones can only be sermons to him, they are sacramentals to them. He looks on them as holy by association, they look on them as holy by sanctification. A variance, therefore, with preconceived ideas—the grotto instead of the manger, the sepulchre covered by the church—disturbs and embarrasses him. At best, he has travelled as a poet; he has lost the idea of the pilgrim.

Short Notices.

The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England. Also the Saxon Chronicle. Edited by Dr. Giles. Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

Six Old English Chronicles: Ethelwerd's Chronicle; Asser's Life of Alfred; Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History; Gildas; Nennius. Edited by Dr. Giles. Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

SINCE the days when Hume and Goldsmith were counted infallible authorities for students, schools, and families, a revolution has taken place in our ideas of English history. The revolution is not, it is true, as yet complete. Thousands of people still imagine that a history of England means, not a history of the English people, from the king to the peasant, but a history of the rulers and the wars of England. Thousands also are still possessed with the old traditional prejudices about the dark ages, the dissolute monks, the pious Cranmer, bloody Mary, and good Queen Bess; and rejoice to believe that their ancestors were little better than savages till the dawn of the sixteenth century. All this, however, is rapidly passing away. We are learning to forget; and probably our next step will be to acquire some little real knowledge of old England and old England's inhabitants.

To this end few things contribute more effectively than the circulation of the original documents from which all historians draw, or ought to draw, their materials; more especially in such a cheap and readable form as they assume in Bohn's Antiquarian Library, and under Dr. Giles's editorship. At present this is all we have to say of them; as we propose, before long, to lay before our readers the first of a series of papers illustrative of the sources of English history, and of the various degrees of value and authority which are to be attributed to each of them. Until then, we can only name these editions as among the most useful reprints and translations of the day.

Berington and Kirk's Faith of Catholics. Revised and enlarged by the Rev. James Waterworth. Dolman.

EVERY reader who will examine Mr. Waterworth's edition of this well-known book will at once see its superiority to those which preceded it. He has given four years' unremitting study to the writings of the Christian Fathers, for the purpose of testing the quotations of the original compilers, and with a view to adapt the work more completely to the controversies of the day. He has also laboured carefully to distinguish between what is spurious and what is genuine in the reputed writings of the first five centuries. We need hardly say that the English Catholic library contains no other compilation which, for fulness and trustworthiness, can pretend to rival these very valuable volumes.

An Outline of Ecclesiastical and Civil History. By the Rev. E. Winstanley. Vols. I. and II. Jones.

MR. WINSTANLEY'S synopsis will be found a useful companion to the work just noticed, as it extends precisely to the same period which is embraced by Messrs. Kirk and Berington. Its plan is peculiar, but not without its advantages, as it gives on opposite pages the corresponding ecclesiastical and civil events of the earliest Christian times. Being simply a *chronicle*, it contains a vast amount of information, though it fills but two octavo volumes. Its orthodoxy is attested by the late Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths.

Tales explanatory of the Sacraments. By the Authoress of "Geraldine." 2 vols. Dolman.

THESE little tales are hardly equal in spirit and pathos to *Geraldine*, and still less to that most charming of religious stories, *The Young Communicants*. Yet there are many readers to whom every thing that comes from Miss Agnew's pen will be always welcome. *The Young Communicants* we believe to be so universally popular a little tale, that we should rejoice to see it appear in a form so cheap as to allow of general distribution. *The Tales of the Sacraments* are more adapted to the educated class of young readers.

THE ENGLISH RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

IN the unromantic nineteenth century, an Englishman who is a sovereign prince, and actually exercises the powers of life and death, is a rarity too remarkable to be easily forgotten. Well would it be if "the lion of the season" were always as respectable a personage and as deserving of "lionhood" as Mr. Brooke the Rajah of Sarawak, who is just now the wonder of the day; and well would it be for us all, if our country were represented among half-civilised nations in the same colours in which we think the English name must now really appear to the semi-savages of Borneo.

Mr. Brooke's story is certainly one of the most romantic things which history has for some time had to tell: and we have little doubt that to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, he is known to be a man of no ordinary cast, and to unite the practical and the enthusiastic in a degree which is not commonly found in any country or in any age. Save only that his work in Borneo is of a secular rather than a spiritual cast, it reminds us of the wonders that were wrought in Paraguay by the Jesuits, and of the other marvels which missionary annals detail. A memoir of his life, containing perhaps as many details as could well be got together, has been given in the last number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, from which we abridge a few of the most striking portions, for the benefit of those who are not magazine-readers.

Mr. Brooke is now about forty-five years of age, in the prime of life and vigour, and in possession of a good private fortune, inherited from his father, a gentleman who resided at Coombe Grove, near Bath. His early youth was spent in the military service of the East India Company. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam, where, in the vicinity of Rungpoor, the ancient capital of the province, he was shot through the lungs while attacking a stockade, and hovered for some time between life and death. The tranquillity of home and the benefit of his native air having been judged necessary for his recovery, he returned to Europe, where, as soon as his improved health would permit, he resumed the studies of his boyhood, and rendered himself master of several modern languages, which he still speaks with fluency. He travelled also through France, Switzerland, and Italy; and in the last-named classic land acquired a strong taste for antiquarian researches, which up to the present hour have occupied a portion of his leisure. It was at this time, also, that he became acquainted with the poetry and romantic literature of Italy, and translated passages from Tasso, which for fidelity and eloquence have not perhaps been surpassed.

The wreck of the ship in which he first started on his return to India having caused his period of leave to expire, the delays that followed before he could be restored to the service induced him to leave the army at once, and to sail on from Madras to China. There he formed that remarkable design, of which the result is even now scarcely completed. He speedily returned to Europe, purchased and manned a large yacht, tried her powers in the Mediterranean, and sailed thence to Borneo. He arrived in the Sarawak river, on the north-west coast of Borneo, at a time when there existed a civil war between the Malay Rajah and his subjects. This chief, who has since become known to Europe under the name of Muda Hassim, immediately understood the extraordinary advantages he might derive from the arrival of his European guest; on the other hand, Mr. Brooke also perceived at once how useful the actual posture of affairs might prove in the furtherance of his own designs. He therefore listened to the overtures made him by Muda Hassim, and consented to lend his assistance in putting down the rebellion, provided that such of the insurgent chiefs and their followers as might be reduced to obedience by his aid should be treated with justice and humanity.

The insurrection was suppressed; and shortly afterwards the Malay chief, on proceeding to the capital to take upon himself the duties of minister to the Sultan, relinquished the government of the province, with the title of Rajah, to Mr. Brooke. Thus elevated to the rank of a prince, his first duty was to ascertain his rights, his territory, and the character of his subjects and neighbours. He saw himself placed in possession of an extensive jungle, thinly sprinkled with human habitations, and those rude and imperfect clearances which may be denominated Dyak farms.

The Dyaks had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to carry on petty wars, not only of nation against nation and tribe against tribe, but of every petty clan and village against its neighbours, and in this warfare the chief object of ambition was to cut off as many heads as possible, and bear them home in triumph. These bloody trophies, after having been well smoked, were suspended in a sort of temple, where their importance in a public point of view may be estimated from the prevalent belief that the ripening of their corn-fields and fruit depended on the preservation of them; while in their individual capacity, each Dyak was held in honour or contempt according to the number of enemies he had killed, and of the heads

he had brought home to his village. Head-hunting, therefore, became a frantic pursuit, which constantly betrayed people into the worst of crimes, that they might possess themselves of those marks of honour which served them in lieu of the pomp of heraldry and titles of nobility. The Sultan of Constantinople prides himself on the name of "the blood-drinker," and the Dyak would be delighted by nothing so much, as to be denominated, *par excellence*, "the cutter-off of human heads."

Now, so long as this propensity should continue among them unchecked, all progress in civilisation would be impossible. Mr. Brooke, therefore, declared head-hunting to be a capital crime, and caused it to be made known throughout the province, that whoever took a head—the euphemism for committing murder—should be punished with death. This decree, solemnly promulgated and strictly acted upon, speedily brought the Dyaks of Sarawak to their senses. Not so, however, in the neighbouring provinces. The subjects of the native rajahs thought it a very great hardship not to be allowed to cut off the head of any person whom they could take at a disadvantage; and to shew their contempt for the Sarawakians and their new governor, an adventurous hero from Sambas undertook a decapitating expedition into Mr. Brooke's territories. Fitting out a small prahu, and creeping up along the coast under pretence of trade, he entered the Sarawak river, and passed Mr. Brooke's house. He then made his way to a considerable distance up the country, where the people might be supposed to be most secure from attack. He, accompanied by a single friend, now left the boat, and making his way towards the village, met and inveigled a woman into the forest. There, in presence of his companion, and against his advice, he cut off her head, covered the body with leaves, and, with his bleeding trophy under his arm, hastened towards the banks of the stream. He got safely into his prahu, descended the river, passed Mr. Brooke's house some hours after midnight, and returned into Sambas without being discovered, boasted of his achievement, and was probably regarded by his countrymen as one of the bravest of the brave. Sambas, however, was not at war with Sarawak; and therefore, when the circumstance came to Mr. Brooke's knowledge, he sent one envoy after another to the native rajah, demanding that the murderer should be given up, that he might be tried, and, if found guilty, put to death, according to the laws of Sarawak. At length, one of the two men engaged in the crime came to Sarawak and delivered himself up to justice. He declared, however, with the utmost earnestness and solemnity, that he was no farther accessory to the murder than being present at it, and said that he had counselled his companion to desist. He was informed, that under the circumstances, nothing would be done to him; that he must return to his village, explain the matter to his countrymen, and convince them of the necessity of delivering up the guilty person to be punished with death. These representations at length produced the desired effect. The murderer came, in company with his former companion, to Sarawak. There the whole affair was investigated, and the murder proved to have taken place under the most aggravated circumstances. The criminal did not deny his guilt. Mr. Brooke, who sat in judgment, demanded of him why he killed the woman; he replied boldly, "Because it was his pleasure." The case was now closed; there could be no doubt of the man's guilt; but the lingering sentiment of humanity, stronger sometimes than the sense of justice, inclined the judge to relent at the eleventh hour. He crossed the river, called about him a council of elders, and consulted with them as to what was to be done. Having considered the matter, the principal among them replied, "If this criminal be pardoned, the practice of head-hunting, which has now happily fallen into disuse, will revive throughout Sarawak, and the second suppression of it will be far more difficult than the first." This speech put an end to the rajah's hesitation; the sentence of the law was carried into execution; and the worst feature of Dyak barbarism may be said to have been finally extinguished in Sarawak on that day.

Into all the peculiarities of Mr. Brooke's new position it would be impossible to enter. For some years he stood exposed to the most imminent peril, as well from the ill-regulated passions of his Malay and Dyak subjects, as from the ferocity and cupidity of piratical hordes, who subsist on the plunder of trade and the kidnapping of prisoners. He could, in fact, be said to have no safety at all, till the policy of the British government granted him, under certain limitations, the protection of the squadron stationed in the China seas. Yet, under these disadvantages, he succeeded in implanting the first seeds of civilisation among the Dyaks, taught them some of the most obvious benefits of order and subordination, and, by the mildness of his sway, caused himself to be beloved, though in many respects exercising despotic authority. His great aim has been to concentrate in his territory an industrious population, to give an impetus to agriculture, to invest commerce with respect, and to excite in the Dyaks those wants which constitute the first impulse to all

human improvement. The rude people have been taught the value of intercommunication, have been incited to construct bridges, and lay down primitive roads for their own use, which they do by felling trees, and forming with them a pathway through the jungle, or over swamps and morasses, and to clear fresh farms for the planting of corn, cotton, or other useful products. One of the most profitable occupations to which the Dyaks have been induced to apply themselves by Mr. Brooke, is the planting of cocoa-tree groves, which has recently afforded employment to great numbers of that active and docile race. The jungle is cut down or burned, the land cleared and prepared, and the young plants, furnished by the rajah, are laid skilfully in the soil; then, with a power of vegetation unknown elsewhere perhaps in the world, the young grove shoots up, and in a short time will produce its owner the most ample returns.

Sarawak, the capital of the province, is springing rapidly into importance; new houses are constantly erected, new gardens and plantations laid out, while fresh accessions to the population are made from the country. This fact may very well serve to illustrate the force of the impression made upon the native mind; but there remains another to be noticed, infinitely more remarkable. Whatever authority their white rajah might have acquired over them, it was scarcely to be expected that, when he delegated his authority to others, the same obedience would still be paid to them. Yet, during an absence of months, all has continued quiet at Sarawak; the Dyaks have gone on cheerfully in their improvements, planting, building, trading, and carrying on all the multiplied offices of life, without the slightest interruption. One striking proof of their confidence in their new ruler is deserving of particular notice. From time immemorial it had been customary among the Dyaks of Sarawak to erect their villages in the most inaccessible places, on the peaks of conical hills, in the depths of forests, on the crests of ridges, that they might thus, if possible, be safe from the sudden attack of enemies. They are now gradually leaving these fastnesses, and building their dwellings in the open plain, conceiving the power and authority of their rajah a better protection than scarped cliffs or dense masses of jungle.

Miscellanies.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE POINTED-GOTHIC SCHOOL.

Down the road of our street is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum—in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry; sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheof's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old. Down Ave-Mary Lane you may hear the clink of the little Romish chapel. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long.

Young Oriel may be described as the dove of our colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at St. Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, has turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chantry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke, by the way) going on, in what was formerly called the young ladies' room, but is now styled the Oratory.

THE ORATORY.

MISS CHAUNTRY.	MISS ISABEL CHAUNTRY.
MISS DE L' AISLE.	MISS PYX.
REV. L. ORIEL.	REV. O. SLOCUM (<i>in the further room</i>).

Miss Chantry (sighing). Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel?

Miss Pyx. She will make Frank De Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel. To be in the Guards, dear sister? The Church has always encouraged the army. Saint Martin of Tours was in the army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof our patron, Saint Witikind of Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff, were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea; and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know; and—

Miss De L' Aisle. Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel?

Oriel. This is not one of my feast-days, sister Emma. It is the feast of Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The young Ladies. And we must not even take tea?

Oriel. Dear sisters, I said not so. You may do as you list; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken sigh*); don't ply

me (*he reels*). I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is a flesh-day, and—and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (*from within*). Madam, I take your heart with my small trumpet.

Oriel. Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing—a—weakness.

Miss J. Chauntry. He's dying of fever.

Miss Chauntry. I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss Pys. He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waist-coat.

Miss De L'Aisle. He's told me to-night he is going to—to Ro-o-me. (*Miss De L'Aisle bursts into tears.*)

Rev. O. Slocum. My lord, I have the highest club, which gives me the trick and two by honours.

Thus, you see, we have a variety of clergymen in our street. Mr. Oriel is of the pointed Gothic school, while old Slocum is of the good old tawny port-wine school; and it must be confessed that Mr. Gronow, of Ebenezer, has a hearty abhorrence for both.

As for Gronow, I pity him, if his future lot should fall where Mr. Oriel supposes that it will.

And as for Oriel, he has not even the benefit of purgatory, which he would accord to his neighbour Ebenezer, while old Slocum pronounces both to be a couple of humbugs; and Mr. Mole, the demure little beetle-browed chaplain of the little Church in Ave-Mary Lane, keeps his sly eyes down to the ground when he passes any one of his black-coated brethren.

There is only one point, on which, my friends, they seem agreed. Slocum likes port; but who ever heard that he neglected his poor? Gronow, if he comminates his neighbour's congregation, is the affectionate father of his own. Oriel, if he loves pointed Gothic and parched peas for breakfast, has a prodigious soup-kitchen for the poor; and as for little father Mole, who never lifts his eyes from the ground, ask our doctor at what bedside he finds him, and how he soothes poverty, and braves misery and infection.—*Our Street.*

DANTE AND HIS ENGLISH READERS.

A FRENCH commendatory notice of an *Italian* version of an *English* work may be regarded as a "notice extraordinary." This accumulated honour has fallen to the lot of Mr. Lyell's work on Dante in a recent number of *L'Université Catholique*, from which we extract the following observations, which combine the favourable judgment both of the translator and reviewer upon the author, and what, we fear, is but a too well-merited criticism on English readers of the great Florentine poet:—"The author of this book is a Christian philosopher, zealous for the good of mankind, social order, and justice. A great admirer of Dante, and a studious reader of his works, his object is to prove that this celebrated writer was always a good Catholic, that all he wanted was that the Popes of his time should confine themselves within their own province, and, in fine, that they should quit the temporal sword for the pastoral staff; but that, at all events, he certainly intended the pontifical authority to remain intact and sacred. Although the writer belongs to the Anglican Church, he has nevertheless shewn himself more liberal towards the Church of Rome than is usual among his countrymen. His book is as much a work of edification as a literary performance. In a manner remarkable for skill and ability, he has brought together a large number of beautiful passages from the *Divina Commedia*; and, in a style of great solidity, supported by a sound criticism, he develops the sense of these passages, and facilitates the understanding of them, so that the reader's admiration and love for the poet are redoubled. This way of treating his subject raises the mind without effort to the sublime conceptions, the great and beautiful ideas, the refinements of sentiment, which are so exquisite in Dante. Mr. Lyell analyses the *Paradiso* with as much clearness as simplicity—a remarkable merit in an English author; that is, in one of a nation where people generally restrict themselves to reading the *Inferno* in that mere spirit of curiosity which a satire always excites, and as looking upon it as nothing else. It is seldom that English readers have gone further; and those who have ventured, out of curiosity, as far as the *Purgatorio*, have soon felt their courage droop, so little capable were they of a flight to the empyrean. And yet it is in the *Paradiso* that we find that crowd of ideas which relate to theology and the Christian mysteries—ideas expressed in language most poetical."

GLORY AND DUTY.—The Duke of Wellington, being asked if he had seen a French criticism on the fourteen volumes of his *Despatches*, replied in the negative, and inquired, "What do the French say of them?" He was told, that the reviewer remarked that the word *glory* did not once occur, but that *duty* frequently did.—*D'Aubigné's Recollections.*

ENGLISH AND FRENCH LIBERTY.—I observed in England one thing, that the people talk much less of liberty than we do on the Continent, but practise it more. This is quite natural: when we possess a thing, we mention it less frequently than when we are in search of it. The young men, who play so important a part in Germany, and even in France and other countries, do not so in England. It is not for want of spirit in the English youth—they have even rather too much; but it is confined in the preparatory sphere of schools and colleges, and does not display itself in public business. Influential institutions satisfy this people. The young men know that their turn will come, and they wait quietly. Among a people deprived of public institutions, vigour is often misplaced; it is forced forward in youth, and exhausted in riper years. In England, on the contrary, it is disciplined in youth, and exerted in manhood. On the Continent, parental authority is much shaken; in Britain, the parents, generally speaking, know how to keep their children at a respectful distance; and this is a great element of strength in a nation. The French writers assert with pride, that while in England there is liberty, but not equality, in France there is equality, but not liberty. We cannot help thinking that England is right. God would have liberty for all; but equality, which would bring all men to the same level, is but an idle dream.—*D'Aubigné's Germany, England, and Scotland.*

THE CALIPH OMAR UPON THE PRESENT MARRIAGE QUESTION.—Whilst Omar was upon this journey, at one of his stages, a complaint was brought before him of a man that had married two wives, that were sisters by the same father and mother also; a thing which the old Arabians, so long as they continued in their idolatry, made no scruple of. . . . Omar was very angry, and cited the man and his two wives to make their appearance before him forthwith. After the fellow had confessed that they were both his wives, and so nearly related, Omar asked him what religion he might be of, or whether he was a Mussulman? "Yes," said the fellow. "And did you not know, then," said Omar, "that it was unlawful for you to have them, when God has said, neither marry two sisters any more?" The fellow swore that he did not know that it was unlawful, neither was it unlawful. Omar swore he lied, and that he would make him part with one of them, or else strike his head off. The fellow began to grumble, and said, "that he wished he had never been of that religion, for he could have done as well without it, and had never been a whit the better for it since he had first professed it."—*Ockley's History of the Saracens.*

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